

The Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor
BILL JENKINS
Managing Editor
FLOYD WYNNE
City Editor
MAURICE MILLER
Circulation Mgr
Ph. TU 4-4752

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Taxes

By BILL JENKINS
The last session of the legislature just about scraped the bottom of the barrel when they had to levy a tax on pleasure boats in order to collect enough to keep the state machine running. At least that is the opinion of many who are looking at the rapidly lengthening list of "little" taxes that are slowly but surely tightening the coils of economic strangulation around the people of these here United States.

But maybe we had better take another look, a peek at the more optimistic side of things for a change. It could be worse. Honest. Why, back in early day London they even had a tax on windows. A sort of an extension of the dark ages for those who were considered a bit dear with their cash.

And one of the earliest of all taxes was on salt. A tax which was levied on a good deal of grating among the people of the earlier days. And even today there are bright spots in the otherwise bleak tax picture. They haven't as yet slapped a tax on power lawn mowers. And such a tax would certainly be no more ridiculous than a tax on a little penny boat. Of course I predict that before the century grows much older there will be such a tax. And a lot fewer lawns.

There is not yet a tax, direct at least, on golf clubs or shotguns or tennis rackets or swim fins that must be paid on an annual basis. But I predict that there will be.

As a matter of fact I think the situation is pretty cheerful. Why, shucks, if you sit down and really concentrate I'll bet you can think of a half a dozen things that aren't taxed.

And that's pretty good in a country where they passed a tax on travel to keep people home during World War One and which is still on the books today.

In the latest issue of Ski, the flossy winter sports magazine, there is a listing of places to spend your ski vacation. Oregon is included. Under Oregon they list Spout Springs Lodge, information about which can be obtained at Pete's Sport Shop in Walla Walla, Washington.

Which brings me back to taxes again. To date at least you don't have to pay a toll tax to pass over a state border.

But rest assured that such a tax will become a reality before too long. Unless, of course, we finally stop trying to spend ourselves rich.

July is National Hot Dog Month. Manufacturers of the weenie predict that Americans will eat eleven billion of the things during 1960. A hot dog is four and a half inches long. If all eleven million of them were laid end to end they would reach a total distance of seven hundred and eighty three thousand miles.

My dogs could eat a quarter of a mile of them a day if they were in good appetite. If they did it would take them three million one hundred fifty two thousand days to finish a year's supply. I doubt if they could last the course.

Another Week
By FLORENCE JENKINS
Optimistically, Weights & Measures Associates in Washington, D.C., announce that "most cities and states in the nation will observe National Weights and Measures Week, March 1 to 7."

This week has been set to observe the passage of the first weights and measures act on March 2, 1799, by Congress. "The observance reminds the public and business that local and state official inspection of weights and measures is necessary to prevent serious deterioration of the accuracy of the pounds and gallons bought and sold in billions of transactions each day," the Associates state.

iced. Scales and measuring devices which go wrong because of mechanical failure seldom give any hint of failure and become thieves in the business world. If a robber steals \$50,000 at gunpoint, it makes headlines across the nation as sensational news. But if each of the millions of commercial transactions in the city and state are off a few pennies, the loss would far exceed that amount in a very short time. So the weights and measures service sees to it that buyers get what they pay for and that sellers don't give away their profits through faulty, inaccurate scales.

Give Us Letters
By CHARLES V. STANTON
Editor Roseburg News-Review
When a person writes a column such as this he often feels that no one reads his effusions and that his work is a complete loss. Consequently it is a delight when the writer finds that he has been read and that what he has written results in action.

That's one reason I'm happy so many people have responded to the appeal voiced in this column for more Reader Opinions. Haven't you enjoyed what other people have had to say in their letters to the editor? Haven't you read them carefully? Haven't you agreed or have you disagreed? Haven't you formed some opinions from what other people have written? I know I have!

Every day someone comes to me with a suggestion that I write on some particular subject. In the great majority of cases the person making the suggestion is advised on the issue to be discussed than am I. Yet they want me to write. They suggest they can provide me with information. By why, when they have the "dope," shouldn't they write "editorial?"

I have been extremely pleased by the many letters from readers appearing on this page recently. I only hope more people will be inspired to write. We don't want "crank" letters, nor do we want "gripe" letters. Constructive criticism, however, is acceptable, as is any argument or idea relative to a subject of general interest.

One of our neighboring newspapers recently had a flock of letters from high school students. Writing letters to the editor had been made an assignment to a class. A great many of the letters criticized the newspaper because it published so many letters that the student writers thought were "foolish."

It was quite apparent that someone had been doing some coaching, also that many of the adult letters were on topics that weren't of interest to the students, and that there was a great lack of tolerance on the part of some high school students.

It should be obvious, I believe, that what may appeal to one person may not appeal to another. That's one of the problems of editing a newspaper. One group of readers wants one type of news, while another wants no news of the type preferred by the first group, but is all for something else. Thus sports fans kick because there isn't enough sports news, while some people would have us put out a newspaper without news of crimes, accident, or troubles—a newspaper filled only with sweetness and light.

But letters should be written concerning all current problems and issues. I believe. Readers should give the public the benefit of their ideas. Controversial matters should be discussed. Writers must not be misled by other writers, but agreement or disagreement may be expressed.

We demand, however, that writers identify themselves by name and by mailing address. We still have some writers who seek to hide true identity through the use of pseudonyms. We demand legitimate letters, and we want lots of them.

Ideas are plentiful today as we rebuild a blast area, are entering a political campaign, read about congressional activities, probe budgets, bond issues and numerous proposals. Don't say "I almost wrote you a letter." Let's have it!

Lent Sacrifices
By HAL BOYLE
NEW YORK (AP)—"What are you giving up for Lent this year?" People have been asking each other this question for days. Most of them now are embarked on their annual 40-day sacrifice of some form of personal indulgence.

The fellow down the hall from me has sworn off martinis for the duration. A girl on the floor below has turned her back on tempting chocolate sodas. The old lady on the floor above has abandoned the reading of lurid confession magazines. A harmless source of thrills for her during the rest of the year.

"Everybody ought to give up something for Lent, daddy," said my daughter, Tracy Ann, 6. "Is it all right if I give up bubble gum?" I told her that was a fine thing to give up and complimented her on her spirit of fortitude because I saw it would be a real struggle. At 6 you don't give up bubble gum lightly. When the world is going against you at that age, bubble gum can be a real consolation.

Upon further investigation I learned that the school was not being set up to teach disc jockeys but to teach people who are disc jockeys how to be one. That, as they say in radio, is a record of a different label and I'm not sure the world is ready for it. I've had a talk with Tom Armshaw, director of the school, and I'm still not sure.

The camp of DJU is located in a downtown office building. The classrooms are arranged to look like the interior of a radio station, with signs saying "Studio A" and "on the air" and that sort of thing. Although classes haven't started yet, Armshaw said he had the curriculum all mapped out. It will be divided into two parts—speech (how to ad lib, read commercials, etc.) and production (how to flip discs, etc.).

Armshaw said the faculty would be composed of local disc jockeys who have made good and are willing to pass the secret of their success on to the next generation. "Who's going to be the professor of payola?" I asked.

Armshaw, a young man with the confident air of one who has found his mission in life, seemed pained by the question. He went to the wall and took down a framed copy of the school's credo. It was an eight-point "code of good practices for disc jockeys" and it was nothing short of inspirational. Point four came to grips with the payola problem and, I would say, pinned it to the mat.

"Any person or company who would attempt to influence your own sense of judgment, taste or judgment by bargaining for special attention to a record, an artist, a label or a sponsor, limits not only your own value to the station and your employer but your own abilities and self-respect."

I also was interested in point six, which said: "You'll be flattered by the amorous attention listeners of the opposite sex will shower on you by mail or phone, even trying to reach you in person. These people are 'poison!'" Truly these are words to live by and I trust each graduating class will take them to heart.

The Almanac
By United Press International
Today is Thursday, March 3, the 63rd day of the year, with 303 more days in 1960. The moon is approaching its first quarter. The morning stars are Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. The evening star is Mercury. On this day in history: In 1837, Congress increased membership of the U.S. Supreme Court from seven to nine justices. In 1845, Florida became the 27th state. In 1847, the chief inventor of the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Also in 1847, Congress passed a law setting up adhesive postage stamps. In 1849, Congress created the Interior Department. In 1850 silver three-cent pieces were authorized. In 1891, Congress designated the Star Spangled Banner as the national anthem. A thought for today: William Schwenck Gilbert said: "The law is the true embodiment of everything that's excellent. It has no kind of fault or flaw. And, my lords, embody the law."

Deejay School
By DICK WEST
WASHINGTON (UPI)—Right in the middle of the recent payola investigation I saw a newspaper advertisement so perfectly timed that it fairly took my breath away. The ad announced the opening of a school for disc jockeys. Now here is something I said to myself, that is going to fill a gap—you might even call it an aching void—in our educational system. I'm glad now I only said it to myself. I was thinking of some disc jockeys I have heard who sounded like they could use a little more schooling.

NEW YORK — Comedian Jack Paar denying that any payola was involved in films of Florida property he showed on his late-night TV show. "The money I paid for that property is more than some congressmen legitimately make in a year."

LOS ANGELES — Prosecutor Fred N. Whitchell, summing up his case in the murder trial of Carole Tregoff and Dr. R. D. Bernard Finch. "I will do most of my talking about Dr. Finch, but I'm not forgetting this latter-day Lady Macbeth at the other end of the table."

FORT DIX, N.J. — An Army spokesman, reporting that Elvis Presley's fans already had things rocking here the day before Presley's return from Europe. "The phones have been ringing all day."

They'll Do It Every Time



But Driving The Family Jaunting Car... He Has Both Windows Open... He Thinks Every Body Is An Eskimo...



FIANCEE DISBARRED
WADESMILL, England (UPI) — Alec Wright, 22, who enjoys pedaling around on a unicycle, was fined 56 cents Tuesday for letting his fiancée ride on the handlebars.



Illinois Father Of Seven Honored By Paraplegics

CHICAGO (AP)—Neither pensions, charitable assistance nor pity can substitute for the sweet dignity of a productive life. So says handsome Dwight D. Guilfoi Jr., crippled 37-year-old executive, named "Handicapped American of the Year" by the President's Committee on Employment of the Physically Handicapped (PCEPH).

Guilfoi, father of seven, directs the operations of the Paraplegics Manufacturing Co., Franklin Park, a Chicago suburb, from a wheelchair to which he has been confined since 1943. On May 5 President Eisenhower is to present Guilfoi an award at a meeting of the PCEPH in Washington. The citation is for outstanding help given by Guilfoi to scores of physically handicapped despite his own impairment.

He has received numerous other citations for his efforts over the last 10 years. An aerial photographer for the Air Force in World War II, he suffered spinal meningitis and polio in service and spent two years in a hospital. Confined to a wheelchair he found it impossible to obtain employment. In 1950, Guilfoi and about 60 other paraplegics decided to pool their resources and set up their own business.

"We decided from the start that we were not going to weave rugs or make baskets, or indulge in any of the usual workshop enterprises," Guilfoi says. The group founded Paraplegics Manufacturing Co. in a one-story factory building in suburban Franklin Park. The firm assembles mechanical, electrical and electronic parts. Guilfoi became president of the company.

Today the company has about 100 workers. Only two are not handicapped. Most of the others work from wheel chairs. In addition to paraplegics, there are the blind, polio victims, amputees, cardiacs, the deaf and mute, and a number with progressive disabilities such as muscular dystrophy and multiple sclerosis. With the exception of 1954 and 1955, the company has shown a profit each year. The last several years it has paid dividends on its stock, most of which is held by employees. Guilfoi says the company now is doing a \$750,000-a-year volume.

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DAYTOPS... the no-belt favorite of active young men everywhere. Self-adjusting comfort with new extension waistband and adjustable side-tabs, tapered legs, no pleats. Wash and wear Acrilan and Rayon hopsack weave in new shades of olive and bronze tone, \$9.95. Same as above, only 80% Orlon and 20% worsted, \$13.95.

Charge It!
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Charge It!
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ty and the opportunity to develop their abilities to the end that they become self-supporting."

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